

Home Circle.

DAWN IN THE COUNTRY.

The sun is lifting up its head
And nodding to the world;
The morning-glory's left its bed,
Its petals pink unfurled.

Dawn chased away the will-o'-wisp;
The owls no longer see;
The bird-notes float out clear and crisp
From yonder willow tree.

The brook is rippling fresh and bright
Along the deep ravine,
Past violets blue and violets white,
Past ferns and grasses green;

The dew has left the clover sweet
Where bees begin to hum;
And to the poppies in the wheat
The butterflies have come.

So waken, ere the scene is gone;
Refresh your weary eyes
Upon the beauties of the dawn
'Neath summer's country skies.—

Eulalie Fyter Andreas in July Ladies' Home Journal.

THE CHAPERONES.

Polly and Molly came out to play one morning and brought with them their dolls, their garden tools and their twin kittens. These last were exactly alike, only Molly's wore a red necktie and Polly's a blue one.

Polly and Molly were very much alike, too; and so were their dolls. They usually played together very happily. But today Molly wanted to play party, "with me for a shamprone," she said.

"What is that?" asked Polly much surprised.

"Well, the minister's wife came to see mamma yesterday; and she said she was a shamprone for some girls at a picnic. They kind of look after 'em, I think. Anyway, it must be nice, or the minister's wife wouldn't be it. I'll shamprone Arabella and Rosa, and you can dig in the garden."

"I want to be shamprone for Rosa, my own child, myself," said Polly decidedly.

"You can't child," said Molly, firmly and with a superior air. You don't know how."

Polly fired up at this.

"You always want to be best of everything! And you are as selfish as the lions in Daniel's den," she cried, stamping her foot.

"You are the greatest child to get things twisted," said Molly, laughing, while Polly got very red in the face. "Daniel didn't have a den, poor child."

There is no telling what would have happened next if Polly's kitten hadn't growled and spit at Molly's and then the two rushed across the lawn to a hole in the

fence. Polly's kitten jumped through this and Molly's looked through anxiously from the other side, when—slap! came a soft gray paw through the hole and struck Molly's kitten, who instantly slapped back.

"Well, will you look at Fly!" said Molly.

"And Spy, too," said Polly.

Then they ran and caught them, and sat down on the grass to give them a good lecture.

"Twins fighting! Whoever heard of such a thing?" said Molly. "It's perfectly scandalous!"

"I'm as 'shamed as I positively can be," said Polly, rubbing Spy's pink nose against Fly's.

"Kittens are very silly, sometimes, I think; don't you, sister?" said Molly, dimpling at Polly.

"Kind of; exactly like girls sometimes," answered Polly, dimpling, too.

Then they looked straight ahead and blushed a little.

"I'll tell you what; let's play we're both shamprones. There's dolls enough and kittens, too, for that matter," said Molly, presently.

"Well, let's," said Polly, cheerfully.

And then they leaned over and kissed each other.

There was a tall woman weeding a flower bed near by, who had been looking sorry, but now she smiled and looked glad. —*L. E. Chittenden, in the Churchman.*

MISTAKES OF LOVE.

The mistakes of love are legion. Is there not room here for a little self-examination? Is not self-love occasionally dominant, when it seems that altruism is the only motive? May not devotion be weak in its gratification of the impulse to immolation? Ought we not always and consistently to consider the best good of our dear ones? And when all is said, shall we not for them, as for ourselves, gain the highest rewards by subordinating our whole lives, including all of theirs which blends with ours, to that highest love which lays its all at the foot of the cross. Of only that love may we safely say:

Burn, burn, O love within my heart!
Burn fiercely night and day,
Till all the dross of earthly loves,
Is burned, and burned away.

—*Mrs. M. E. Sangster.*

A GRATEFUL NEWSBOY.

The saying of a French author, "He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it," was illustrated recently by a newsboy and a physician.

A physician who recently moved up town took an evening paper from a small newsboy, and dived into his pocket for the change.

"That's all right, doctor," remarked the little fellow, "I won't take no money. Don't you remember Jimmie, that you cured last winter with the fever?"

Then the physician recognized in the tall and sturdy boy a little lad whom he had pulled through a fever without payment. "But that's all right, Jimmie," he said, "and you must certainly let me pay you for the paper."

"No," said the boy, "I won't. Where are you living up here, doctor? I want to come and see you."

He hasn't yet turned up to see the doctor, but every morning and evening he slips a paper under the door, and to have a proper understanding in the beginning with the first paper he scribbled a little notice: "Please doctor, accept these papers allus from Jimmie."—*New York Herald.*

WHEELBARROW RELIGION.

Richard Baxter, of holy memory, once pithily described the religion of certain persons he knew as "wheelbarrow" religion—they only went when they were pushed. This type of religion is not extinct by any means. There is a tendency in most believers to degenerate into a formal, mechanical, half-hearted profession of religion, to preserve the "form" and deny the "power." There is much beauty, as a rule, about the beginnings of the Christian life; the "first love" is altogether "a thing of beauty and a joy forever;" there is a freshness, a vitality, a spontaneity about it which makes it fair to look upon; it is a delight fit for the eyes of angels, and a fountain of joy and power to the happy possessor.—*London Freeman.*

"DO YOU SUPPOSE."

"Do you suppose," said Johnny, as his little cousin laid away her largest, rosiest apple for a sick girl, "that God cares about such little things as we do? He is too busy taking care of the big folks to notice us much."

Winnie shook her head, and pointed to mamma, who had just lifted the baby from his crib. "Do you think," said Winnie, "that mamma is so busy with the big folks that she forgets the little ones? She thinks of the baby first, 'cause he's the littlest. Surely God knows how to love as well as mother."—*Young People's Paper.*

Filthy minds, draw filthy inferences —
Neel.